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# The New Garden Fields

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## STREAMS OF Lovely Nancy.

**T**HE streams of lovely Nancy divides in  
two parts,  
Young men and maidens do meet their  
sweethearts,  
Where young men and maidens together  
doth sing,  
For the drinking of good liquor makes my  
ear to ring.  
In yonder high mountain, there a castle do  
stand,  
It is built up with ivory, near the black  
sand,  
It is built up with ivory, and diamonds so  
bright,  
It is a picket for a sailor, in a dark winter's  
night.  
As a bonny young sailor was walking alone  
Says the sailor to his true love, "Sing  
you a song,  
It is a false-hearted woman that makes me  
to say,  
Farewell, my dearest Nancy, from you I  
must away."  
On yonder high mountain, a wild fowl doth  
fly,  
There is one among them that soars so  
high,  
If I had got him in my cabin, all night  
to stand,  
Soon I would tame him by the slight of  
hand.  
We sailed from London, to fair Liverpool  
town,  
Where girls they were plenty, some white  
and some brown,  
But of all the bonny lasses that ever I did  
see,  
At the sign of the Angel is the darling for  
me.  
I'll go down to some nunnery, and there  
end my life,  
But I never will be married, nor yet be made  
a wife;  
But constant and true-hearted for ever I  
will remain,  
And ne'er will be married, until my love  
comes again.



## THE NEW Garden Fields.

COME all you pretty fair maids, I pray now attend,  
Unto to these few lines I am going to pen,  
It's of lovely Mary I'm going to write,  
She's my whole study, and dreams all by night.

The 18th of August, in the 8th month of the year,  
Down by New Garden Fields, where I met my dear,  
She appear'd like a goddess, or some young divine,  
That came like a torment, to torture my mind.

"I am no torment, young man, she did say,  
I am pulling these flowers so fresh and so gay,  
I am pulling these flowers which nature doth yield,  
And I take great delight in the New Garden Fields."

I said "lovely Mary, dare I make so bold,  
Your lily white hand for a moment to hold,  
It would give me more pleasure than all earthly store,  
So grant me this favour, and I'll ask no more."

It's then she replied, "I fear you but jest,  
If I thought you in earnest, I'd think myself blest,  
My father is coming, these words she did say,  
So fare you well, young man, for I must away."

How she left me all in the bands of love,  
Kind cupid protect me, and your powers above,  
Kind Cupid protect me, and now take my part,  
For she's guilty of murder, and quite broke my heart.

She turned and said "young man, I pity your moan,  
I'll leave you no longer, for to sigh alone,  
I will go along with you, to some foreign part,  
You are the first young man that won my heart."

We'll go to church on Sunday, and married we'll be,  
And join our hands in wedlock, and sweet unity,  
We will join our hands in wedlock, and vow to be true,  
And to father and mother, we'll bid them adieu.